



The Bancroft Library

University of California • Berkeley



Harcourt Skrine.

“LONG LIVE THE PRINCE OF WALES.”

A VISION OF MERCY.

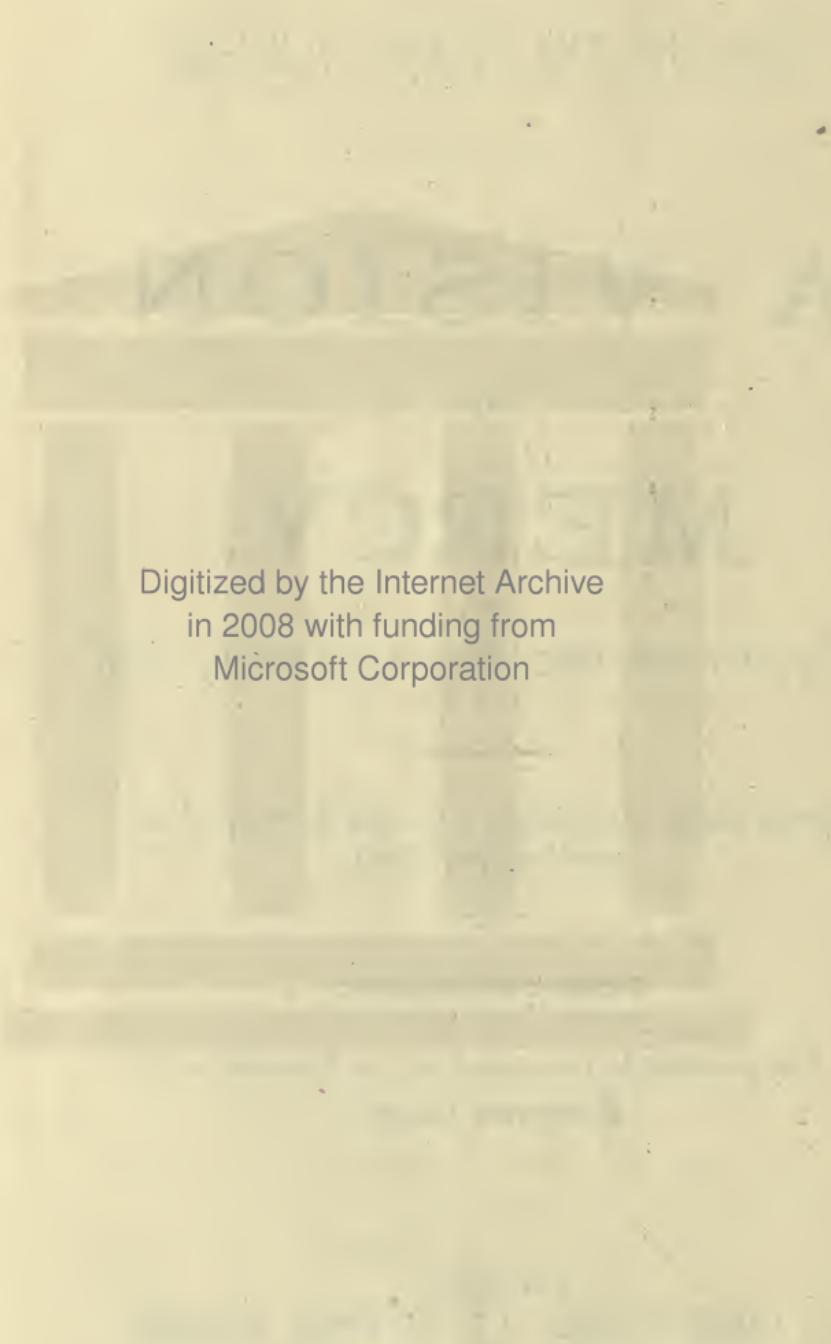
MIDNIGHT OF THE 14TH DECEMBER, 1871.

(By the Author of “Midnight of the 26th February, 1871,”
previously published.)

PRICE THREEPENCE.

*The proceeds to be devoted to the Restoration of
Pennycross Chapel.*

PLYMOUTH :
W. BIRMINGHAM, 9, WHIMPLE STREET,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

A VISION OF MERCY.

The second crucial midnight
Of this portentous year,
Almost at hand, was filling
Unnumbered hearts with fear,
That Britain's heir was sinking,
And doomed to pass away,
As did his righteous Father,
Ten years ago, this day.

Yet some there were, who seeing,
A warning strangely clear
Involved in date and malady,
Sick groom, and buried peer,
And knowing well that wisdom,
From pain doth often grow,
Had deemed a gracious trial sent,
And not a fatal blow.

I lay awake, in sorrow
For mother and for wife,
Impatient for a morrow
That promised death or life,
When, all at once, a numbness
Upon me did advance,
That all, but sight, o'erwhelming,
Fast bound me in a trance.

Then saw I, how I know not,
Before the Sapphire throne
A mighty Spirit kneeling,
In silent pray'r, alone,
While Seraph ranks, as countless
As waves that rib the flood,
And spirits blest, of mortals,
Around in glory stood.

But yet a brighter glory
Was by a symbol shed,
The guardian cross of Britain,
Above that drooping head.
That sign that, for a thousand years,
A charm of peerless might,
Hath warned our British kings to guide
Their steps and thoughts aright.

From out the light ineffable
Above the Sapphire clear,
Came thunderings abysmal
That shook my heart with fear,
But suddenly they ceased, and then,
The still small voice, once more
Was heard, that drew Elijah
From out his cave of yore.

“ O ! well beloved,” said the voice,
“ Thy wish unspoken have,
“ With tranquil heart arise ! depart !
“ Thy sick one seek and save.

“ Go ! calm the tortured Spirit
“ Of her who’s all thine own,
“ The purest Queen thy land hath seen,
“ The glory of her throne,”

“ And let thine healing presence,
“ Not seen, but felt, restore
“ Bright hope to the despairing wife
“ Of him who swerves no more.
“ His night of pain shall end, again
“ New day will mercy give,
“ His warning past, awake at last,
“ Thy chastened son shall live.”

That instant, with a swiftness
Than lightning swifter far,
To earth that joyful Spirit
Shot downward, like a star,
And gliding to the pillow
Of his unconscious heir,
Found wife and mother sleeping,
O’ercome by watching, there.

Hard by that stormy pillow
An awful Seraph stood,
Whose form gave out of lava
The splendour, red as blood.
Upon the sick man’s forehead
Was bent his baleful eye,
And gleamed a hungry falchion,
Half drawn, athwart his thigh.

'Twas Azrael ! the Spirit touched
His shoulder with command,
Drew back, at once, that fearful one,
And sheathed his fatal brand.
That instant, in the struggler's breast
Grew still the tumult wild,
And in a moment calm, he slept,
Soft breathing, like a child.

Then, oh ! the wonder ! gazing
Upon the sleepers near
By sudden ruth o'er master'd,
Dropt Azrael a tear !
But once before did pity,
For mortal, wet that eye ;
'Twas when beneath a cross he saw
A fainting mother lie.

Thereafter, like the lightning,
Was gone the King of Death,
Hung o'er the pair that Spirit,
And breathed on them a breath,
Whereof the subtle working
Most wonderful did seem,
For, though their calm grew deeper,
Both heard, as in a dream.

Oh ! then above them rising,
Began a strain divine,
That did celestial music
With poesy entwine,

From head to foot I trembled,
So wildly sweet it rung,
Bright angels wrought it, surely,
Who thus, in order, sung.

“ Mercy hath found him,
“ Queen o’ the main !
“ Love lieth round him,
“ Pride o’ the Dane !
“ Worship had savour
“ Healing that gave,
“ Pray’r begat favour,
“ Mighty to save.
“ Oh ! then in praise
“ Your voices raise,
“ To Him who reigns above,
“ And, with the Son
“ And Spirit one,
“ Is never ending love.”

“ Seeing, with anguish,
“ Ye and your heir
“ Sorrow and languish,
“ Millions in pray’r,
“ Pale with emotion,
“ Sued for his life ;
“ Bless their devotion,
“ Mother and wife !
“ And oh ! in praise,
“ Your voices raise,
“ To Him who reigns above,
“ And, with the Son
“ And Spirit one,
“ Is never ending love.”

“ Well have they proved thee,
“ Queen o’ the main ;
“ Long have they loved thee,
“ Pride o’ the Dane !
“ When the true hearted
“ Pray’d for the lorn,
“ Anger departed,
“ Mercy was born.
“ Oh ! then in praise
“ Your voices raise,
“ To Him who reigns above,
“ And, with the Son,
“ And Spirit one,
“ Is never ending love.”

“ Him who was burning
“ Coolness hath blest,
“ Quiet, returning,
“ Reigns in his breast.
“ Slumber hath banished
“ Pain and despair,
“ Madness hath vanished,
“ Reason is there.
“ Oh ! then in praise
“ Your voices raise,
“ To Him who reigns above,
“ And, with the Son
“ And spirit one,
“ Is never ending love.”

“ Iron, to flame below,
“ Steel doth afford,

“ Many a heavy blow
“ Forgeth a sword,
“ Gold, to be rectified
“ Needeth the fire,
“ Souls, to be purified,
“ Sorrow require.
“ Oh ! then in praise
“ Your voices raise,
“ To Him who reigns above,
“ And, with the Son
“ And Spirit one,
“ Is never ending love.”

“ Man to redintegrate
“ Mighty is pain,
“ Spirits, regenerate,
“ Count it a gain.
“ God’s book it proveth,
“ There shall ye see,
“ *Him whom He loveth,*
“ *Chasteneth He.*”
“ Oh ! then in praise
“ Your voices raise,
“ To Him who reigns above,
“ And, with the Son
“ And Spirit one,
“ Is never ending love.”

“ Albert will never
“ Deem it a loss,
“ Noble heart ever
“ Blesseth the Cross.

“ Mercy he knoweth,
“ Wounds not in wrath,
“ Warning but sheweth
“ Snares in his path.
“ Oh ! then in praise
“ Your voices raise,
“ To Him who reigns above,
“ And, with the Son
“ And Spirit one,
“ Is never ending love.”

“ Lords of futurity,
“ Clearly we see,
“ Radiant in purity
“ Great shall he be.
“ Joy of a nation
“ Proud of his name,
“ Britain’s salvation,
“ Sun of her fame.
“ Oh ! then in praise
“ Your voices raise,
“ To Him who reigns above,
“ And, with the Son
“ And Spirit one,
“ Is never ending love.”

“ Living ; shall praise him
“ Sad, sick, and poor,
“ Giving shall raise him,
“ Loving secure,
“ Dying ; in glory,
“ Wide as the light,
“ Fame shall his story
“ Date from to-night.

“ Oh ! then in praise
“ Your voices raise,
“ To Him who reigns above,
“ And, with the Son
“ And Spirit one,
“ Is never ending love.”

“ Wisdom, all seeing,
“ Now hath been born,
“ To a new being
“ Cometh the morn,
“ Guide then and guard him,
“ Queen o’ the main !
“ Richly reward him,
“ Pride o’ the Dane !
“ And oh ! in praise
“ Your voices raise,
“ To Him who reigns above,
“ And, with the Son,
“ And Spirit one,
“ Is never ending love.”

There ceased that wondrous music,
For shook my trance away
A sudden cannon’s thunder,
Up rolling from the bay,
And from a lofty steeple,
That to the port was near,
Rang out the stroke of midnight,
Though distant, sharp and clear.

Much pondered I that vision,
That did so vivid seem,

It sure must be a prophecy,
And could not be a dream,
But when the morn aroused me,
All doubt was quickly past,
For some one cried, "*he hath not died,*
Our Prince is safe at last!"

Then God preserve that noble Prince !
Who *must* be great and good,
For Albert, sure, from Albert hath,
True heritage of blood.
Some day he'll make a mighty king,
And rule his lieges well,
And then he'll thank a British heart,
That dared the truth to tell.

PIERCE G. E. TAYLOR,

Late B.C.S.

Beaconfield, Plymouth,
December 31st, 1871.

